This picture ſhee aduiſedly peruſ'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, ſome ſhape in SINONS was abuſ'd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind ſo ill,
And ſtill on him ſhee gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſignes of truth in his plaine face ſhee ſpied,
That ſhee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth ſhe) that ſo much guile,
(Shee would haue ſaid) can lurke in ſuch a looke:
But TARQVINS ſhape, came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, ſhee in that ſence forſooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But ſuch a face ſhould beare a wicked mind.

For euen as ſubtill SINON here is painted,
So ſober ſad, ſo wearie, and ſo milde,
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted)
To me came TARQVIN armed to beguild
VVith outward honeſtie, but yet defild
VVith inward vice, as PRIAM him did cheriſh:
So did I TARQVIN, ſo my Troy did periſh.

Looke

Looke looke how liſtning PRIAM wets his
To ſee thoſe borrowed teares that SINON
PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For euerie teare he fals a Troian bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceed
Thoſe roūd clear pearls of his that moue
Are bals of quenchleſſe fire to burne thy

Such Deuils ſteale effects from lightleſſe H
For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell
Theſe contraries ſuch vnitie do hold,
Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold
So PRIAMS truſt falſe SINONS teares do
That he finds means to burne his Troy wi

Here all inrag'd ſuch paſſion her aſſailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her brea
Shee tears the ſenceleſſe SINON with her
Comparing him to that vnhappie gueſt,
VVhoſe deede hath made herſelfe, herſelfe
At laſt ſhee ſmilingly with this giues ore,
Foole fool, quoth ſhe, his wounds wil not